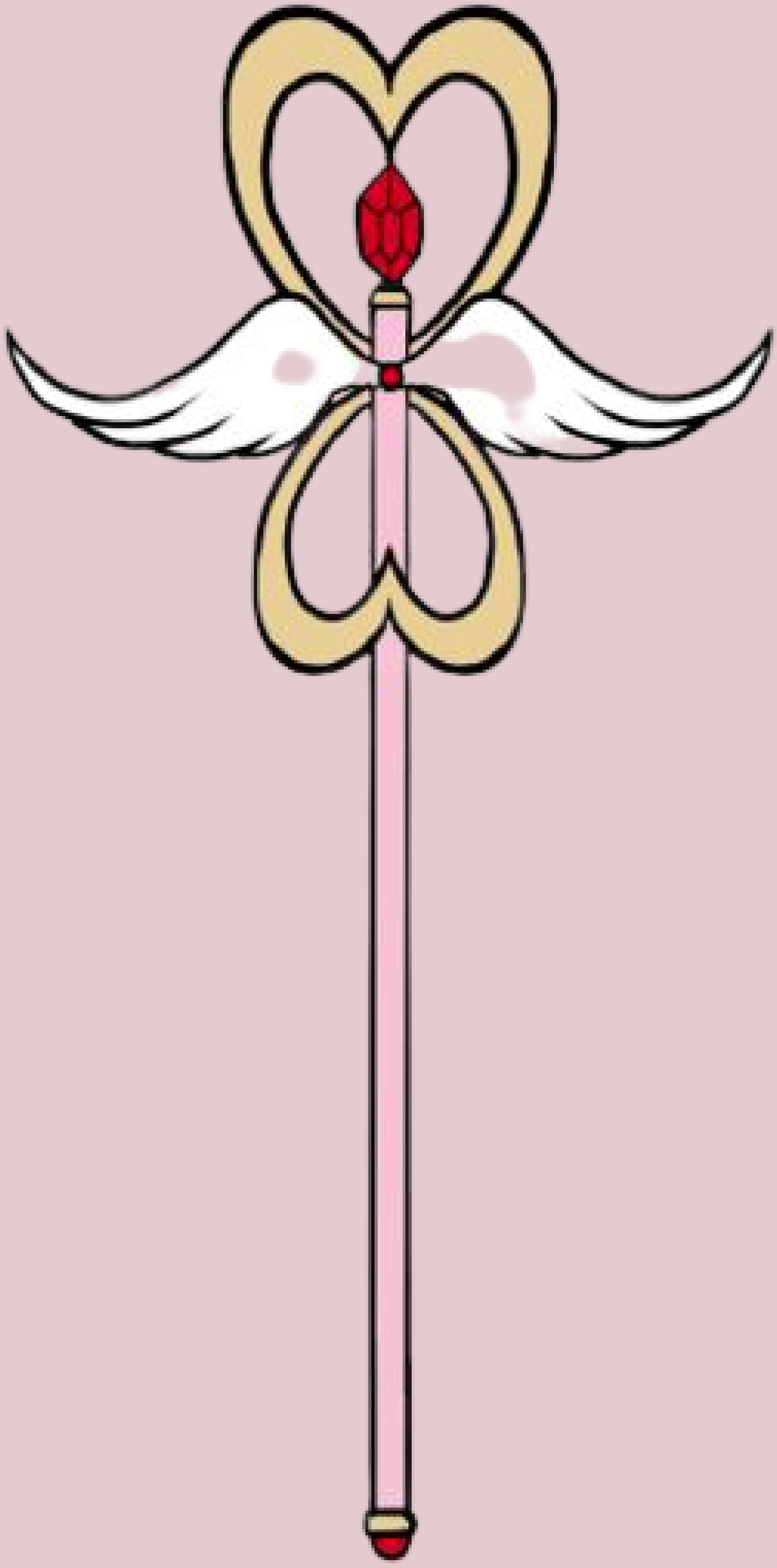
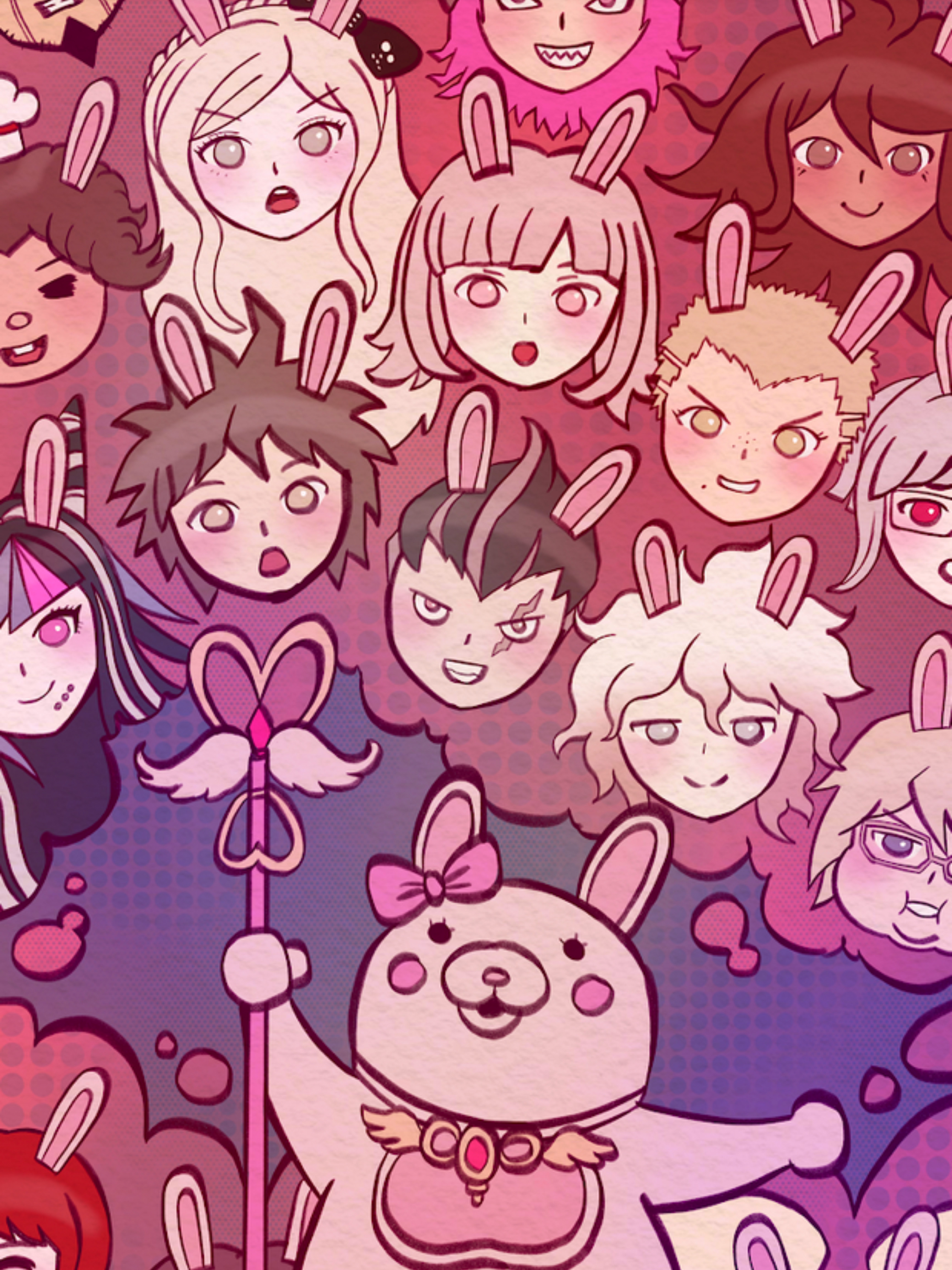
Love, Love !

A Monomi-Centered Fanzine



Artwork

fructosefolk



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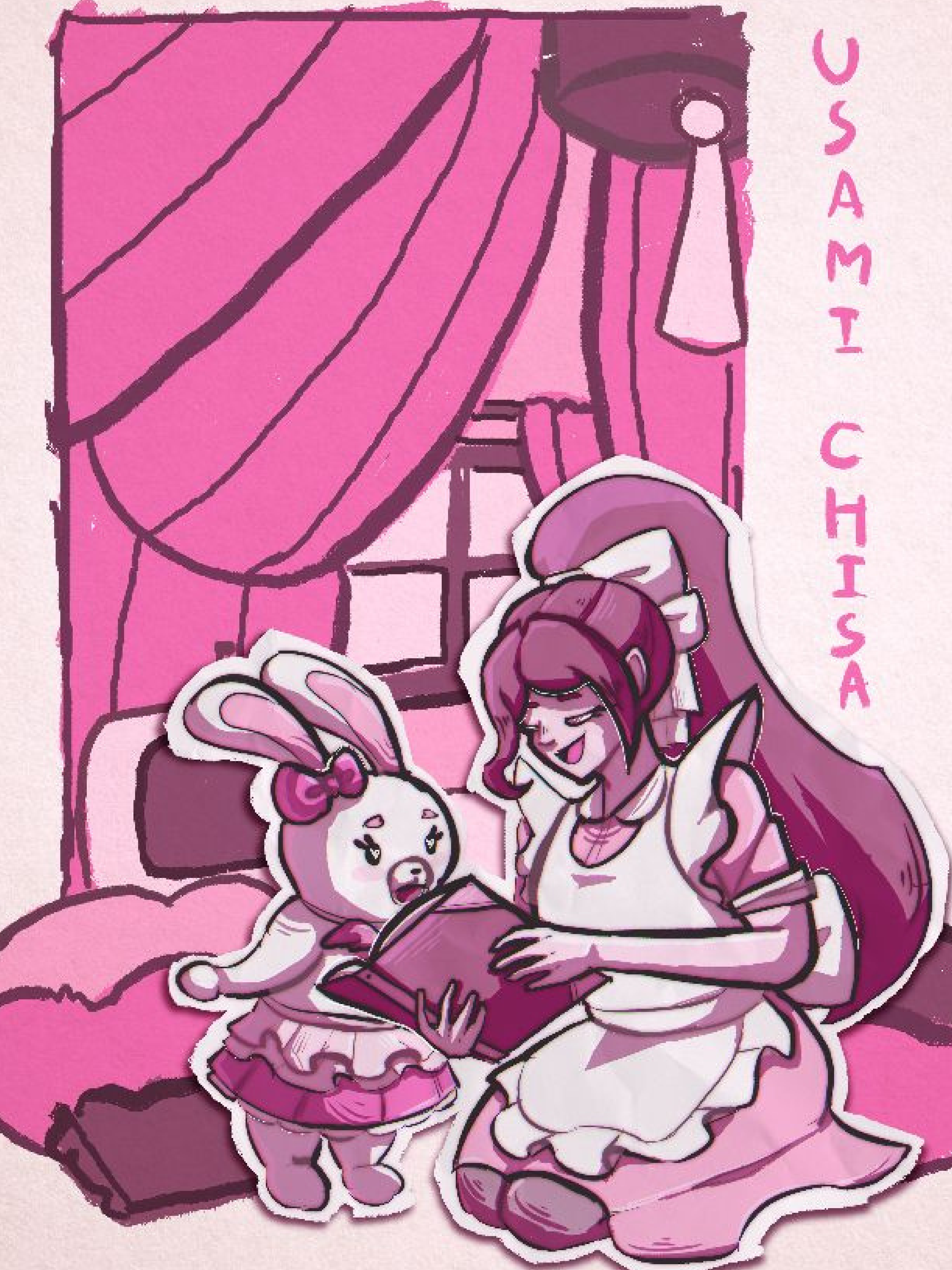
I Love you!


USAMI CHISA

Written Work

“Greetings, everyone!” With a cute flourish and a spin of her wand, Usami struck a pose. “It’s very, very nice to meet all of you!”

It was supposed to be a super special exciting day. Her first day, in fact! Of being a teacher! With all the mechanizations in place and everything running spiffy and secure, **Magical Miracle Girl ☆ Usami** was ready to meet her lovely, precious students!!

Unfortunately, said students looked upon her with very...mixed results. None of which seemed all that positive.

“What the fuck is that thing?” one of them loudly wondered, jabbing a violent finger in her direction.

“Now, now!” Usami gasped, tottering to the other side and spinning her wand again. She struck another pose. “That’s nooooo way to talk to your soft, cuddly-wuddly teacher!”

“Teacher?” A young lady cleared her throat. “Wait, are you, uh, serious? We’re not getting...a human teacher?”

“That’s soooo ultra-mega super *weird*!” another exclaimed. “Can it at least do explosions all boom, bang, *boom*?!”

“Goodness!” Usami yelped. “That sounds too dangerous! No, no, no, it won’t do at all! Sensei’s duty is to first and foremost, keep her students safe!”

“...maybe this is a prank,” a student suggested wryly. “Or like, a test?”

“W-What kind of test?” This other student looked ready to cry! Oh, *no*! “I’m... I’m no good at tests...!”

Goodness, this wasn’t going according to plan at *all*!

“Not a test, not a test!” Usami cried. “I am as soft as I am serious! I’m your lovey-dovey, cuddly-wuddly teacher! Usami!”

Desperately, she struck another pose.

No sparkling looks of wonder. No gasps of joy. No *smiles*.

Usami had to hold back a whimper.

--

“They HATE me!” she ended up sobbing. “It’s the first day, and all my wonderful, lovely, precious students already *hate* me!”

Her dutiful creator watched through the footage of the first day, humming and thoughtful. She shook her head. She signaled with her hands.

“They were wary at first, but they do not hate you.”

“E-Even when they did start smiling and chatting with each other, I got ignored,” Usami sniffled. “M-Miaya-chan...can someone like me...really be their teacher?”

“They relaxed enough to smile and chat with each other.” Miaya gave a nod of approval. *“They’re lowering their guard around you.”*

“Ah!” Usami squeaked. “That’s a much more hopeful way of looking at it! I’m sorry.” She couldn’t help but get depressed again. “Sensei absolutely shouldn’t be throwing a fit. Uu...”

“You’re young,” Miaya signed, ever gentle and understanding. She paused for a moment to pat Usami’s head. *“It’s okay to be uncertain.”*

“Uu...”

“It will be okay.” Another pause for another pat. Pat, pat. *“Give them time.”*

“Time,” Usami sniffled. “Okay...time.”

“Give them time.”

“Time!” she perked right up. “Sensei will be patient! No more despairing, Miaya-chan! Sensei will do her best!”

She said that...and she meant it...

And on the next day, she ended up punched in the face when she tried to break up a fight between the two more athletic and rowdy students. Being a stuffed animal, the only bruising was on her heart.

But it was still quite a shock...

Still!

Be patient! No more despairing! Do your best!

--

“Everyone, come round! Come round! Let’s introduce ourselves in a most wuv-wuv way!”

“*Eh*...?” One of them seemed both confused and yet—unimpressed. “You don’t know everyone’s names already, *sensei*? Even though everyone here is an accomplished, esteemed *Ultimate*?”

“O-Of course I know everyone’s name, I was programmed with the class roster,” Usami hurriedly stated. “I just think it’d be more lovey-dovey if we had more personal introductions.”

“Argh, don’t mind Komaeda,” one griped just as it looked like Komaeda would say something else. “He’s just being an ass because he’s a weirdo like that. Anyway!” With a sharp-toothed grin, he began, “Greetings! I’m Sou—”

“SO IT HAS COME TO THIS!!!” came a **BOOMING** cackling voice, accompanied by several cheerful squeaks. “The lapin familiar has demanded our *characters*, has it?! As if such a measly creature could ever reach the ranks of the Forbidden, All-Powerful *Tanaka*!”

“Tanaka-kun...then?” Usami could only nod along as the other was fuming from being interrupted. That other being, “Sou...”

“So you’re seeeeeeriously our teacher?” another cut in. “This isn’t a prank? It’s not a joke? Hey, hey! Would you feel it if I squished your head into the ground like one of the anties? You fainted from that bimbo’s punch the other day, so—!”

“E-Eh?!” *How am I supposed to react to that?!* “N-No! *No*, Saionji-san, you cannot squish sensei! That’s cruel!”

“Gwahaha! Owari really did pack a PUNCH the other day!” was exclaimed boisterously. Then, a roar, “THAT SAAAAAAAAID! By *me*! Nidai *Nekomaru*! Your voice is too WEAK!!! Even if you are not HUMAN, you should still SHOUT FROM THE ***GUUUUUUUT***!!!”

Usami screamed, in fact.

“YEAH, THAT’S SCREAMING! IBUKI WILL SCREAM TOO!!!! YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!”

Mioda screamed. Souda screamed. Nidai bellowed. Tanaka bellowed. Then, a shout.

“SHUT THE FUCK UP OR I’LL KILL ALL OF YOU!!!”

“Hey! You can’t just go threatening people like that, Kuzuryuu!”

“P-P-PLEASE DON’T KILL *UUUUUUUS*!!!”

“Oh *great*, dipshit. You made the pig barf cry.”

“SHUT THE HELL UP!!!!”

And Usami kept screaming until she started crying.

All things considered... It could’ve gone better, but it also could have gone a lot worse. Usami just had to keep trying.

--

There had been some students who hadn't had the chance to introduce themselves properly. The last thing Usami wanted was them feeling left out, so she approached them.

“Pekoyama-san, was it?” She started with this one for a simple reason. “Sensei wanted to thank you for helping calm down Kuzuryuu-kun the other day.”

Indeed, Pekoyama had seemed to wave away Kuzuryuu’s anger with a few cool words. It was as if she, too, was magic! In fact, Pekoyama’s stare was so piercing that it was almost...paralyzing.

And a bit...scary? Actually?

No, she mustn’t think like that! Pekoyama was one of her precious students! One of her...students.

Usami might’ve hurried along to another student who had been rather quiet. Even now, this student wasn’t socializing much. Simply fiddling with some sort of gaming device. Something that Usami wasn’t too familiar with.

She had basic knowledge, of course, but she was still a learning AI.

She fluttered over the student’s shoulder and didn't even get a glance. Fretting, she hesitated on interrupting her but just as she went back and forth on the matter, the screen on the device flashed up.

Victory! It read.

“Ooh! Good job, Nanami-san!” Usami exclaimed. “You’re good at this!”

Nanami paused the game, turning to her sluggishly with a slowly blinking gaze.

“Sensei, when did you get here?”

“I’ve been here since the beginning,” Usami happily informed her. “I’m checking on everyone who didn’t get much time to talk. And Nanami-san was quite quiet! As fun-fun as games look, you should be making friends, too!”

“Friends, huh.” Nanami pondered it and turned back to her game. “No, this is easier, I think.”

“Y-You shouldn’t give up so easily!” Usami yelped. “Wouldn’t games be more fun-fun if you had friendly friends to play them with?!”

Nanami did pause briefly.

“...I dunno if the others are all that interested.”

“It wouldn’t hurt to try! If possible, you should get along with your classmates to the bestest of your ability!”

“If possible...huh.”

“Yes, yes! You could try with someone like... Komaeda-kun, maybe?”

Komaeda stiffened immediately. The look he gave Usami was positively withered.

“A teacher should be well aware of every student’s values,” he said sharply. “Thus, you shouldn’t offend Nanami-san even if you’re trying to save face. *Especially* if you’re trying to save face.”

“It’s not about saving face, Komaeda-kun,” Usami replied pitifully. “It’s about everyone getting along. Making friends! Filling their hearts with lovey-dovey, fluffy-wuffy feelings!”

Komaeda still looked unconvinced and unimpressed. Just as Usami felt herself wilting once more, Nanami tugged on one of her wings.

“Sensei is very fluffy,” she said and went to pat Usami’s head. “Fluffy like... Jigglypuff.”

Jigglypuff?

“Is she as fluffy as she looks?” Pekoyama asked, now unexpectedly and terrifyingly close. Her hands were outstretched, fingers twitching erratically. “She does look...very fluffy.”

Nanami just kept patting Usami without a care in the world.

“Yeah. Fluffy. Do you want to test it out yourself, Pekoyama-san?”

“Fluffy, fluffy, fluffy,” Pekoyama repeated in a low voice, and Usami froze as she’s picked up and squeezed with sudden viciousness. Pekoyama’s face split into a smile.

It didn’t hurt. She was a stuffed animal after all, and a solid one at that. She still quaked as Pekoyama dove in to bury that terrifying smile into Usami’s fur.

“Oh!” Komaeda exclaimed, lighting up. “Sensei, were you perhaps made by the *Ultimate* Plush Maker? You’re not tearing even the slightest bit under Pekoyama-san’s ministrations!”

“Indeed!” Tanaka boomed. “This farcical creature is seemingly crafted with fabric as indestructible as the threads of the very gods!”

“Waaah! She does look SUPER SOFT! Peko-chan, let Ibuki have a healthy squeeze!” Mioda shouted with glee, nearly knocking desks aside as she threw herself into the chaos. With enough Usami to hug, Mioda latched on as the two of them squealed, albeit for different reasons.

“So soft! So *soooooft*!! Everyone’s gotta try it!”

“Only when I’m done,” Pekoyama snapped quickly.

“This has gotta be the newest fad!” Mioda chirped. “I’ll write a song for it! *When Plush Comes, Let’s Shove*!”

As Usami was rubbed more viciously and dizzyingly, she could only grasp cognitive thought by a thread.

“D... Don’t plush or shove,” she managed. “Just get in a single file line, everyone. All of you will have...your...turn.”

Her precious students crowded her. Each with gleaming if not curious eyes. Quite a few of them were smiling, and it wasn’t long before Usami drowned in the tide of reaching hands.

As expected, she is pushed, pulled, and tossed about. She wasn’t, at least, torn apart.

Everyone was laughing. There were times where they fought over who cuddled and hugged Usami next, but there was enough Usami that two of them, sometimes even three, could have a go at the same time. To have called it overwhelming would have been an understatement. As Usami’s world swirled round and round, she passed out just as she’s sure each lovely student had squeezed her at least twice.

--

She woke much later. The sun has set, the classroom is long empty, and Usami has been propped up against the podium with some amount of care. The only other one with her was Miaya with her inquisitive gaze.

“Miaya...chan,” Usami managed, slurring her words. “Today was...exhausting, but also very lovely. Sensei feels very well-loved.”

She strained herself to try and move, but Miaya scooped her up without another word. She’s carried off, and she has no doubt that Miaya is going to fix her back up. Tomorrow, she’ll be refreshed, ready, and raring to go.

She’ll continue doing her best. Giddy from love and hope, Usami looked forward to whatever the shining future had in store.

Hope’s Peak Academy wasn’t like any other high school. One obvious difference was that it only accepted the best of the best; those that were titled as Ultimates. You had to be the absolute best of the very best in some way, shape, or form. That, or you had to be the lucky one who got picked in the annual lottery. There was also another method to getting accepted, but rarely anyone speaks of it. Otherwise, only students who proved to be *extremely* skilled in something roamed the school grounds. That was mainly what set Hope’s Peak apart from other high schools. Of course, there were other minor differences between the academy and other high schools, but there was also one other major difference that can easily make someone question the sanity of the school’s headmaster.

This other significant difference was the fact that one of the school’s teachers, and the school’s only counselor, was a robotic bunny known as Usami.

While it has yet to be confirmed, rumors go on to say that she was built to see how a robot would perform in the educational workfield; a robot that was capable of many things, including eating, speaking, and drinking without any complications! Looking at her, her first impression may make others see her as ‘childish’ or even ‘useless’. She was dressed like some sort of magical girl; she was a bit on the naive side; she even had a magic stick! And in the beginning, students of Hope’s Peak questioned why a robotic bunny was working at the school. However, as time went on, she proved to not only be adorable, kind-hearted, and even funny, but also the exact opposite of ‘useless’.

As it turned out, she lived up to her title of being the school’s only counselor. And if the fact that she had a huge box of fidget, stim, and sensory toys (among other useful items), a mini fridge stocked with drinks, and a bunch of snacks stashed in one of the drawers of her file compartment somehow didn’t prove that she cared, then it was her open mind, warm heart, kind words and her being a overall good listener that would *definitely* prove that.

“One of my vows as your teacher and counselor is to *always* be there for you,” Usami told one of her classes one afternoon. “No matter what you’re going through, what you’re feeling or thinking, I will *always* be here for all of you, through thick and thin. So please, my amazing students, if you *ever* need to talk to someone, or even if you just want a moment of silence, feel free to come to me and take a seat in my classroom, okay? Love love, everyone! Love love.”

* * *

“Welcome back, Nagito! How is my super duper amazing student doing?” Usami asked, popping the lid of a glitter tube back on before returning it to her pastel pink pencil holder.

“Good afternoon, Miss Teacher Usami. I suppose I’m doing okay as any other piece of trash can be doing,” Nagito said, walking over to grab a fidget toy from her box: a soda tap fidget. He then pulled a chair over to Usami’s desk and sat down, his fingers already fiddling away with his chosen fidget toy. “Already ate lunch?”

“First off, you’re not a piece of trash! We’ve been over this before. And secondly, nope! My lunch is actually in my fridge. Speaking of, where’s *your* lunch, Nagito? Don’t tell me you’re skipping lunch again!”

The white-haired boy only chuckled, though him dropping his gaze gave it away.

“Nagito, you know how much I hate it when my students skip lunch. Thankfully, I made sure to bring a few spare lunches, so you can have one, okay? I’ll even give you a juice box!” Usami bounced over to her mini fridge, opening it with a smile. She first took out her lunch box, which was pink with tons of cute stickers and pink glitter all over it. Then, she took out one of the spare lunches she normally made, which was in a simple black lunchbox. Finally, she took out a cranberry juice box before closing the mini fridge, setting everything onto her desk before standing back on it (to which, she was reluctant on accepting anybody's help with moving anything from the floor to her desk; she was both too stubborn and too selfless for her own good). "Ta-da! There we go."

"Heh, Miss Teacher Usami has saved the day yet again." Nagito said, chuckling as he pierced the straw through the tiny hole on top of his juice box, taking a few sips.

"Tee-hee, I try my very best for the sake of my students. Now then," Usami opened her lunchbox and took out a slice of carrot cake, grabbing the plastic fork she had along with it. "What's on your mind this time around? I'm all ears like usual."

"Well… not much is different other than the usual self-loathing. Can you *really* blame me though? I deserve to suffer from so much self-loathing, for I'm nothing more than--"

"An amazing human being who has simply been through a lot!" Usami interrupted, taking a quick bite of her carrot cake. "Believe me, I understand why you put yourself down so diddly-darn so much, but I'll keep telling you until I'm purple in the face: You're *not* trash, you're *not* useless or pathetic, and you're *not* meant to be a 'stepping stone'! I get that your luck hasn't exactly… treated you so kindly throughout the years, and I understand that you haven't completely moved on from your past just yet. Really, I do, and that's a-okay. You experienced a huge loss, after all. But Nagito, when I look at you, all I see is a talented student with lots of potential and a bright future. All you need is that push, and if I have to be that push, then so be! Does that make any sense, Nagito?"

It did; it made perfect sense. But the silence was a sign that Nagito was internally fighting back against his immense self-loathing, so Usami patiently ate the rest of her carrot cake, allowing Nagito to form a more solid answer. Just as Usami took out a carrot from her lunchbox, she heard her student faintly ask: “Why do you care so much?”

“I care because my heart cares, and my heart cares because it sees the bright potential within you. I care because you truly are wonderful, Nagito, and one day, you’ll look in the mirror and believe that yourself. But for now, we shall keep on making progress, one step and one lunch at a time!” Usami said, holding her plastic fork up in the air with determination.

“Heh, one day, I’ll thank you for putting up with me, Miss Teacher Usami. I promise.”

Usami lightly bonked Nagito on the forehead with her plastic fork, pouting. “I’m *not* putting up with you! Now, eat your lunch, or else no more juice boxes for you.”

“Awww, that sucks.”

“A-Ah, no, wait, I-I’m so sorry! I don’t mean that at all! But please eat, or else.”

Nagito grinned, opening up the lunchbox he was given. “All right, if you say so.”

* * *

Usami hummed a familiar tune from a popular magical girl anime as she graded assignments from one of her classes. The classes she taught included family living, psychology, and fashion design. Amongst the students, not only was she known as one of the nicest teachers, but also one of the easiest. Granted, her work wasn’t kindergarten level, but she made sure not to overwork her students. Plus, she was one of the few teachers who tutored those who needed it after school, and she was the only teacher who stayed behind every school day. But she still had a soft, caramel heart, and as a result, no one has failed any of her classes to this day. She knew that all of her students were intelligent and trying in their own ways though, even if some worked harder than others.

"M-Miss Teacher U-Usami?" A fragile female voice made Usami pause her grading. She turned around to see that the voice belonged to Mikan. "M-May I come i-in?"

"Of course you can! I was just grading some assignments right now. Speaking of which, you did super duper amazing on your recent psychology test! That's worthy of a gold star sticker and a juice box. What flavor would you like?" Usami said, already making her way to her mini fridge.

"U-Um, I-I don't really h-have a preference. C-Can you maybe pick for me, pl-please?" Mikan said, walking over and sitting down in front of Usami's desk.

"Tee-hee, sure, I can pick for you! Let's see here… oh, oh, I think you'll like this one!" Usami pulled out a fruit punch juice box, closing the mini fridge before hopping back up to her desk. She handed the juice box to the nurse before opening one of her desk drawers, pulling out a wide gold star sticker sheet. While it was quite the struggle (considering she didn't have any fingers), she managed to carefully peel a sticker off, gesturing for Mikan to take it from her. "There you go!"

"Y-You r-really didn't have to, Miss T-Teacher Usami…" Mikan insisted, but she knew how stubborn Usami could be with showing her students love and support, so she timidly took the sticker anyway. She decided to place the sticker on the back of her phone, where the other, more older gold star stickers were. "Th-Thank you so much."

"You're very welcome! Now, is there something you'd like to talk about?"

"U-Um, w-well…" Mikan nervously tapped her knuckles against each other, looking down at them. "You h-have to promise that y-you w-won't get mad, o-okay?"

"I pinky promise, even though I don't have any pinkys, tee-hee. Humor aside, I genuinely won't get mad, okay?"

"O-Okay… u-um, w-well… H-Hiyoko's been *really* m-mean to me l-lately. Sh-She's been calling me mean n-names, a-and sometimes, h-her face will become scary when she calls me them! I-I promise th-that I don't do anything mean to her, M-Miss Teacher Usami! I don't e-even say anything t-to her. Th-The only times that are tolerable i-is if Mahiru is around, b-but even then, she's still mean to m-me!" Mikan began to choke up, raising her hands to her glossy eyes. "Wh-What did I-I do w-wrong? I-Is it the way I look a-at her? I-Is something wrong with me? It's just s-so unfair; I-I just w-want to be on g-good terms with her, th-that's all!"

"Wh-Whoa there, Mikan! Let's try to take deep breaths here; I-I don't want you to accidentally hyperventilate. Hold on, ding-ding-ding!" Usami opened one of her desk drawers again and dug through it, soon pulling out a small purple cat Squishmallow keychain. She grabbed a packet of mini pocket tissues before shutting the drawer again, handing both items to Mikan. "Let it all out. It's okay to cry."

Mikan took the items with shaky hands, opening the tissues packet and using a few tissues to dab the tears away, with her holding the Squishmallow keychain in her other hand. Usami sat down and patiently waited for Mikan to calm down, relieved that her student was crying it out instead of bottling it up. That's the last thing she would want her student to do.

Eventually, Mikan's unstable sobbing deesculated to hiccups and sniffles. She blew her nose into a tissue before bundling the used tissue up into a ball. She then grabbed and held the keychain in both of her hands, glancing up at her rabbit teacher in embarrassment. "I-I'm s-sorry about that…"

"Don't be sorry for being human, Mikan! Crying is natural and healthy; it's good for the body, mind, and heart. As weird as this may sound, I'm glad that you cried, because I rather have you cry than to bottle up your emotions. Bottling things up is a *big* no-no, and it makes me sad when someone does," Usami said, getting back up and softly patting Mikan on the top of her head. "Don't you worry. I'll make sure to take care of this issue ASAP! I'll privately confront Hiyoko about this, and make sure she doesn't call you any more mean names. If she keeps up this unacceptable behavior after the confrontation though, don't hesitate to let me know. The last thing I want is for this to keep going or to get worse."

"O-Okay. I-I promise I'll tell you i-if it continues after you c-confront her. Th-Thank you so, s-so much, Miss Teacher Usami. I-If there's anything I can d-do to make it up to you, th-then--"

"Nope! It should be the other way around, silly. If there's anything else I can do, you just let me know. As your teacher, I shall stay faithful to my vows!"

Mikan couldn't help but giggle, the emotional weight she was carrying lightening up a bit. "H-Heh, okay. Thank you, again. I-I feel better now."

"Yay for feeling better! That makes me super duper happy to hear that!" Usami said, happily twirling around.

"A-Ah, you can have your keychain back n-now! S-Sorry about th--"

"Oh, you can keep that! It's your new squishy, soft friend. You can either keep the name it has on its tag, or you can give it a new one!"

"I-I wanna gi-give it a new name, i-if that's okay."

"Of course it is, silly! It's *yours*, so you can name it whatever your heart desires."

"... I-I think I-I know what I want to n-name it, Miss Teacher Usami."

"Well, don't keep me in suspense! Tell me, tell me, tell me!"

Mikan smiled down at her new plushie friend, rubbing its mini soft tail with her thumb. "I-I think… I-I think I want to name them Courage."

* * *

The tick-tock of the clock that hung on the wall above the doorway was the only sound within the classroom. Usami happily ate her strawberry parfait as Hajime's attention was focused on the orange-colored (and orange-scented) kinetic sand he had grabbed from the box moments ago.

This was usually what took place whenever Hajime came in to talk to Usami, and Usami was just fine with that, for she understood how Hajime was. He was still working on being open with his thoughts and feelings, and while he was improving, he still had a long way to go. So for now, they're still at a stage where Hajime walks in with his lunch, not saying a single word as he grabs his favorite container of kinetic sand and sits in front of Usami's desk, staying quiet as he tries to calm his nerves with the sand. Usami knew though that eventually, he would start talking. It was only a matter of time.

"... You think it was a mistake for me to be accepted into Hope's Peak Academy?" Hajime said, abruptly breaking the silence with his deep question.

"Of course not! If anything, I think it was a blessing for you to be accepted and to start coming to Hope's Peak. Everyone loves you, Hajime." Usami said, taking her last bite of her parfait.

"What do you mean by 'everyone'?"

"I mean everyone in your class, silly! I know it may not seem like it, but everyone appreciates you and sees you as a super duper nice friend. Plus, you're a great student! You may see yourself as 'average', but your grades say otherwise. And even when you've needed help, you've managed to learn relatively quickly and keep moving forward! I… know that the reason behind how you got into Hope's Peak in the first place isn't the same compared to everyone else, but I'm still happy that you started attending."

"I don't think you understand, Usami. I'm nothing but some average, talentless mistake! There's no reason for me to be here!" Hajime suddenly stood up, slamming his hands onto Usami's desk. "Th-There's nothing for me here. Everyone has a damn talent, but I *don't*. Everyone has a bright future ahead of them, but I *don't*. What's the point of me being here if I'm not like everyone else here?"

"The point is for you to *not* be like everyone else here! It's okay to be yourself, because there's only one of you, Hajime. Sure, you may not have a talent, but if you think about it, that's just a huge opportunity for you to forge your own path; it's an opportunity for you to forge your own talent. You have your own hobbies and skills, so take that chance to evaluate them and think about yourself. Think about what *you* personally want, and start making your own pathway to your own future. Once you do that, you'll be happier than a cat being served a bowl full of yummy tuna!" Usami said, digging in one of the desk drawers for her usual gold star sticker sheet. "Think of yourself like a star in the sky that doesn't shine as bright as the others. It's okay to be unique and not like others, but instead of letting the despair continue to pile up, you should take that leap of faith and think about how *you* want to form *your* future. Does that make sense, my dear student?"

"I… yeah. Yeah, that makes sense, Usami," Hajime calmly said, slowly sitting back down. "Sorry for yelling at you."

"It's okay, for I accept your apology. Yelling is one of the most convenient ways of impulsively letting out anger, so I understand," Usami peels a sticker off of the sticker sheet, and places it in the middle of Hajime's forehead with a giggle. "It's time to be unique, Hajime!"

Hajime started to raise his hand to peel the sticker off, but then lowered his hand, chuckling. “You really are something else, Usami.”

“Tee-hee, that’s simply because I’m also unique, silly! Yay for being unique!” Usami happily cheered.

“Thank you, Usami. I needed to hear all of that.”

“You’re very welcome, Hajime! Like I’ve said before, as your teacher, I will *always* be here for you, through and through. Just don’t forget to save frequently, okay?”

“Of course. I won’t forget, I promise.”

Saving… Saving...

Saving complete!

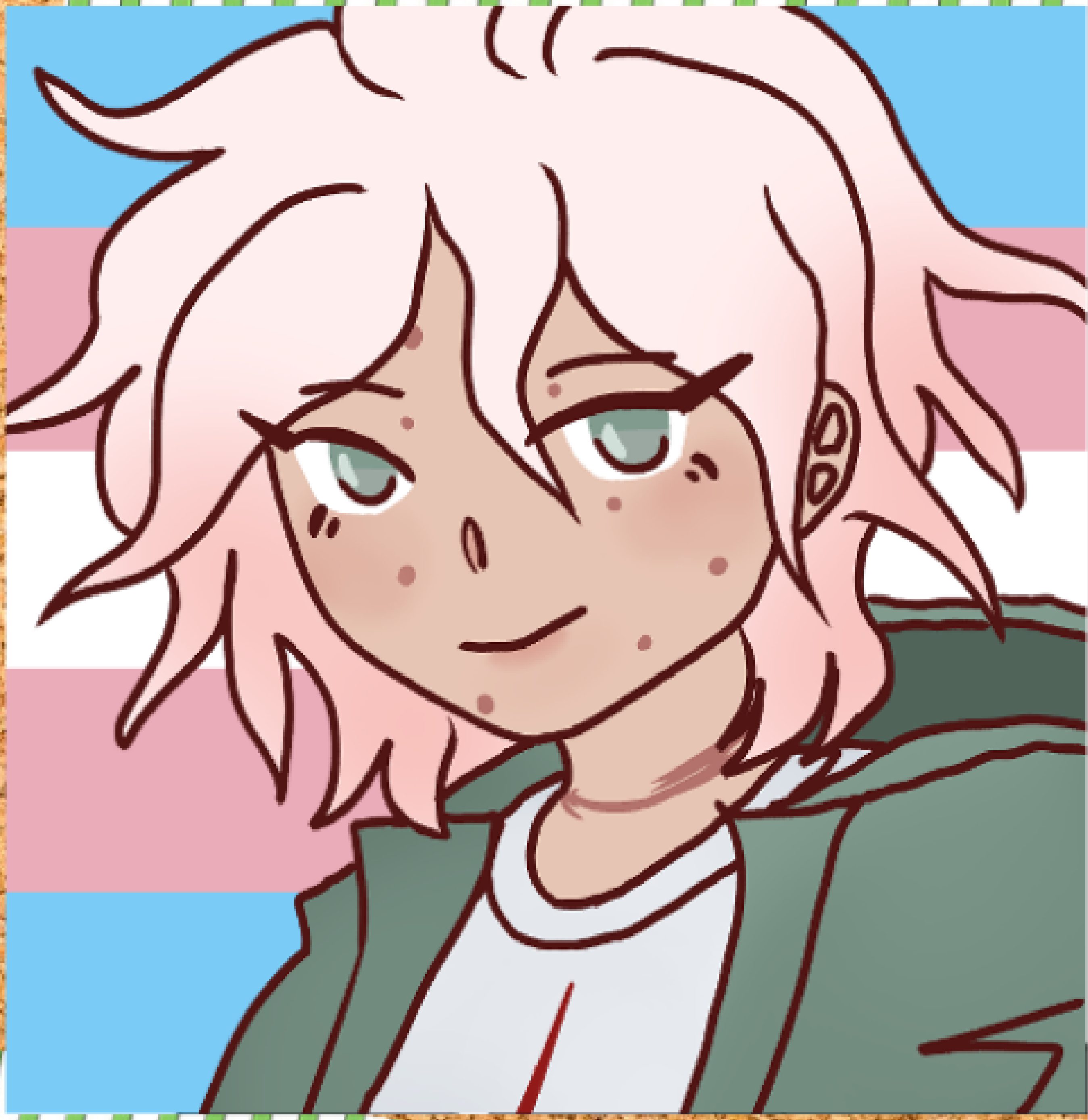
See you later! Love love!

Acknowledgements

Miss. Monomi's Roster

fructosefolk

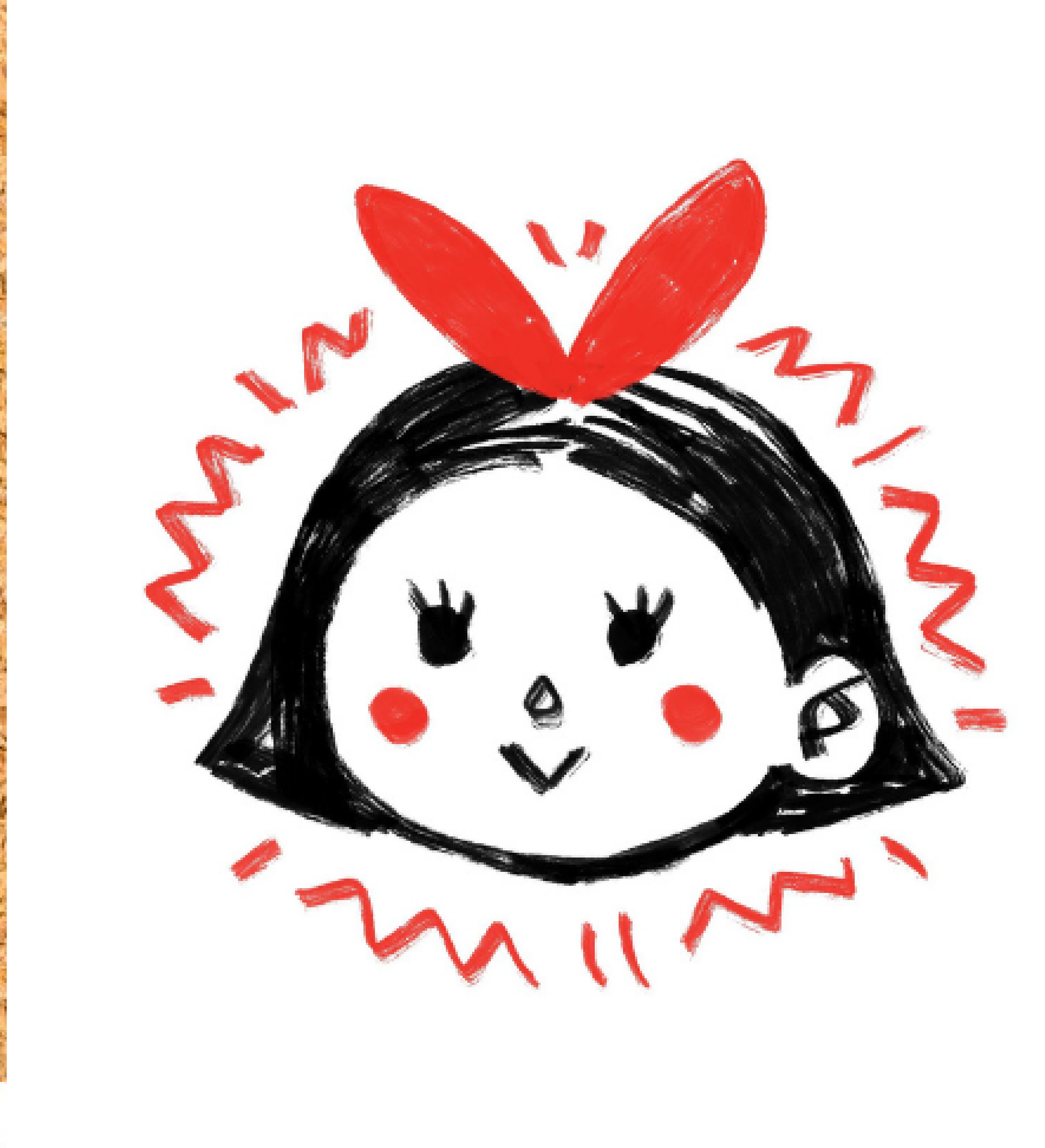
I'm looking forward to gaining experience working on collaborative projects and meeting new people in the process!



ARTIST

lillachan

I'm looking forward to the fanzine because Usami is the cutest!

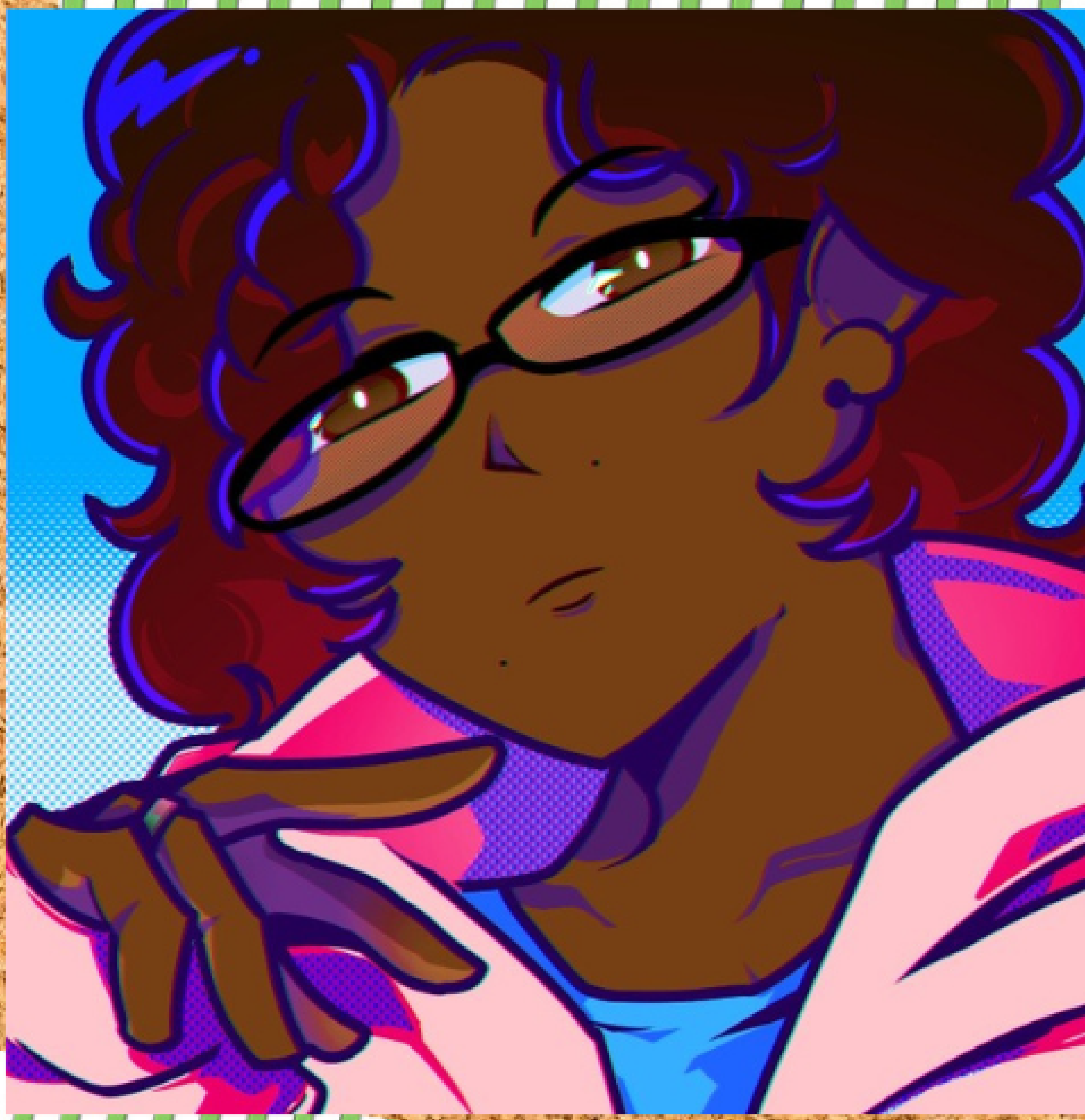


ARTIST

Miss. Monomi's Roster

MugenCosmonaut

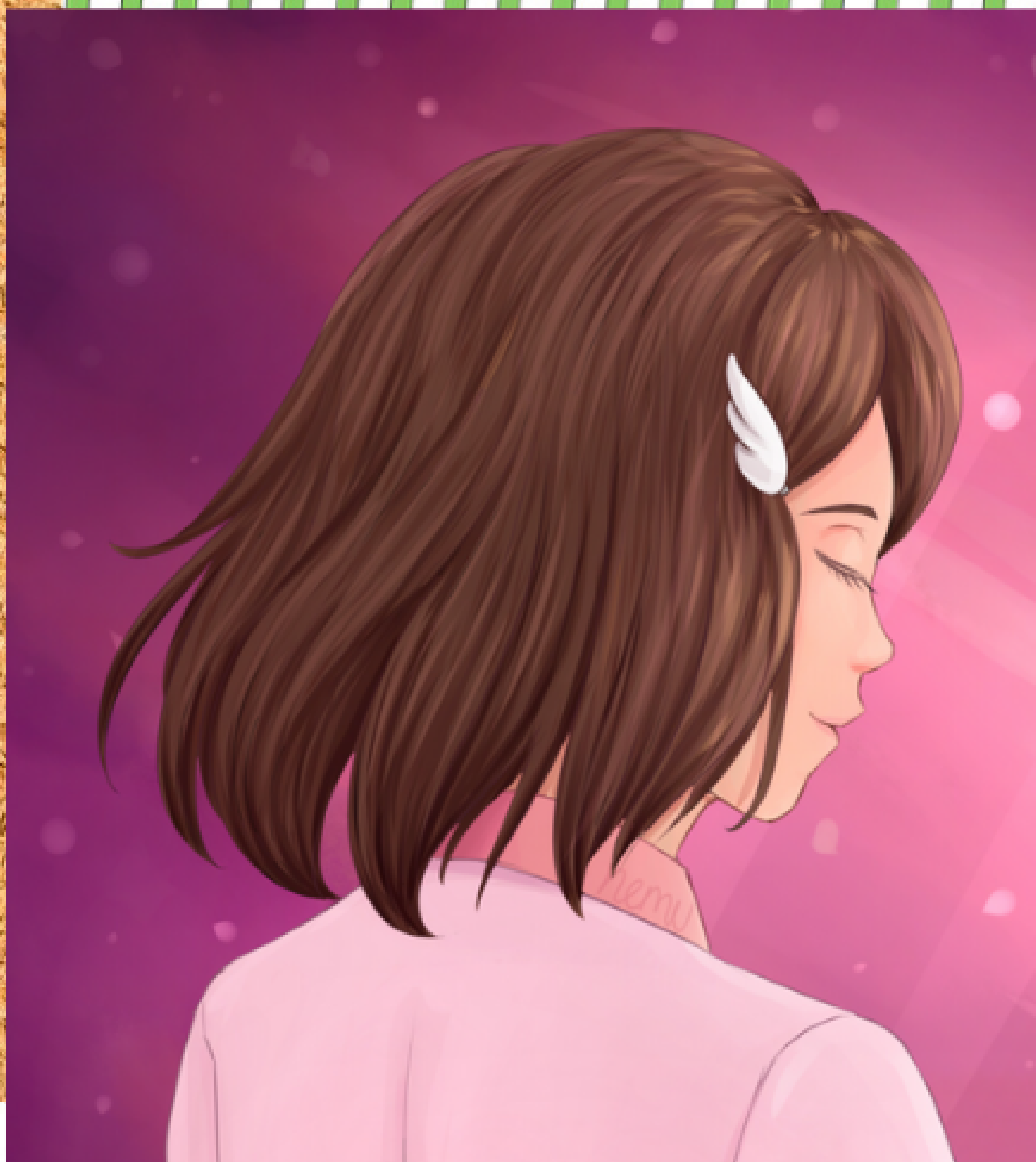
One fun fact about myself is that I love experimenting with my art style in any way I can!



ARTIST

nemu

Hi all!
I'm super excited to draw my favourite bunny with all these pinks and whites and to give her the justice she deserves!

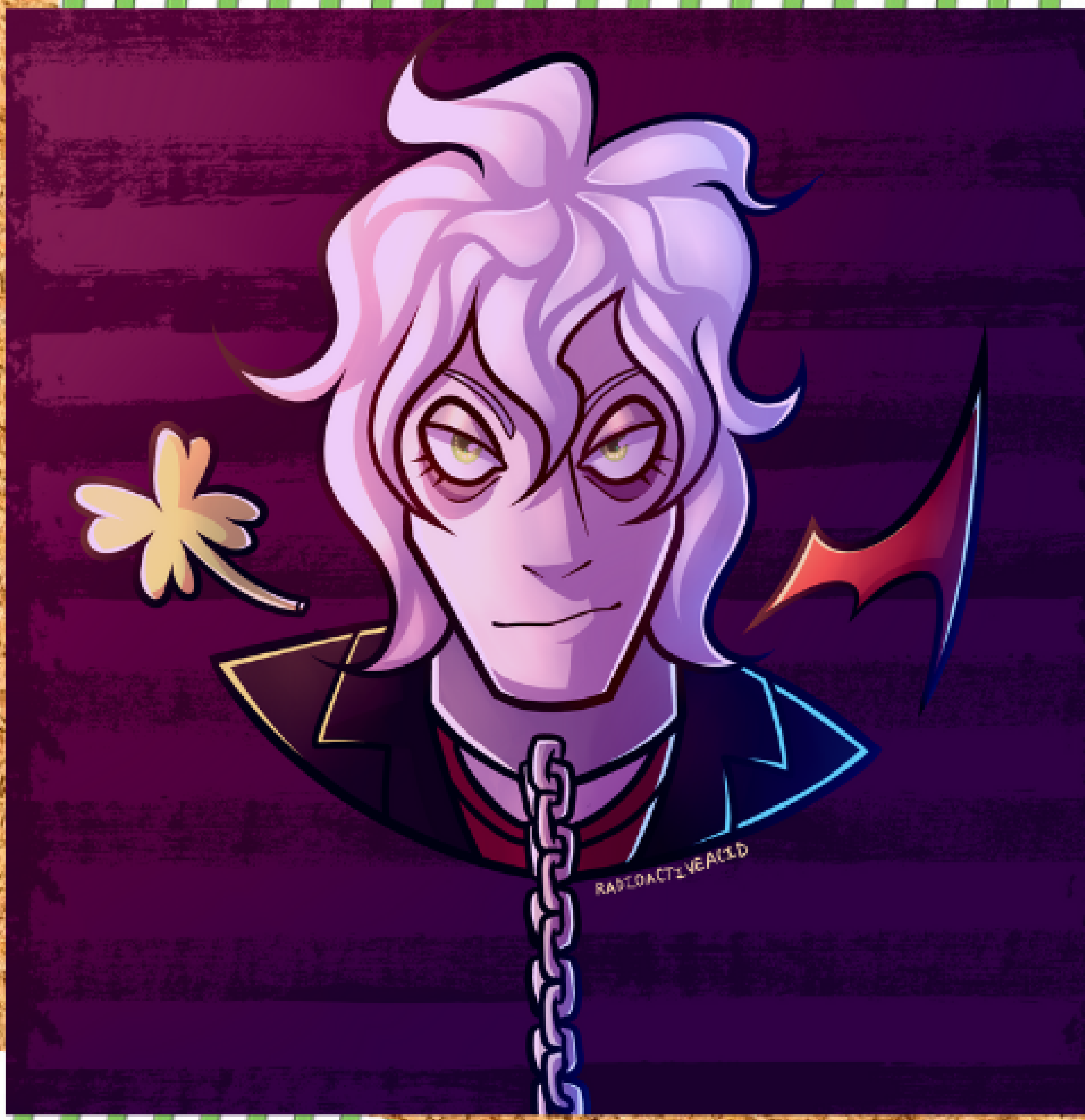


ARTIST

Miss. Monomi's Roster

RadioactiveAcid

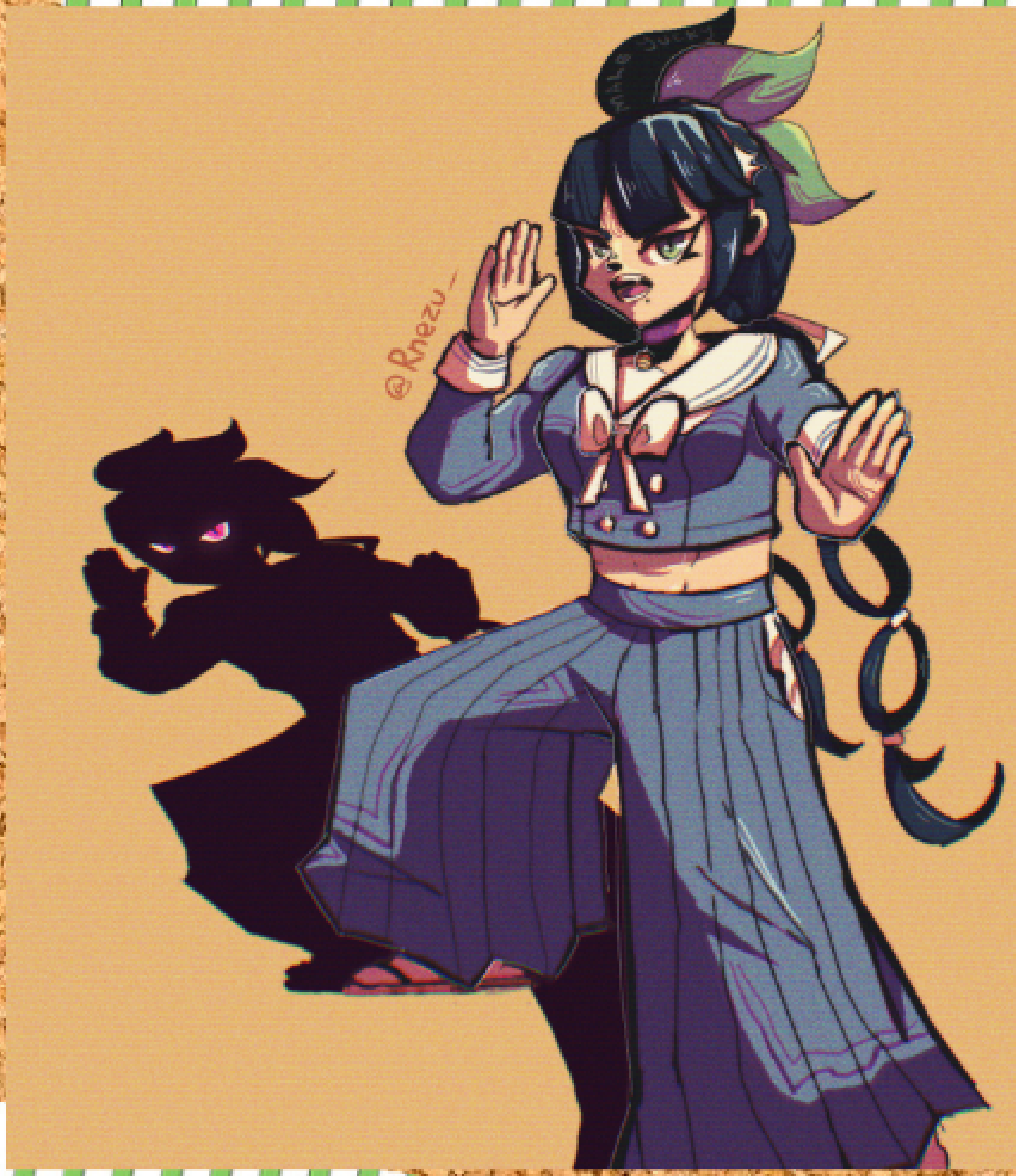
I'm looking forward to this project because Monomi and Miaya are so underrated and they deserve their time to shine! There's almost no content involving them so it's really cool to be able to contribute to such an unexplored topic.



ARTIST

Rnezu

Usami/Monomi protects them, cheers them up, and tries to help them in killing games.
But unfortunately, some of her students didn't care or appreciate her. So, I want to show how much effort she gives to be a good teacher!

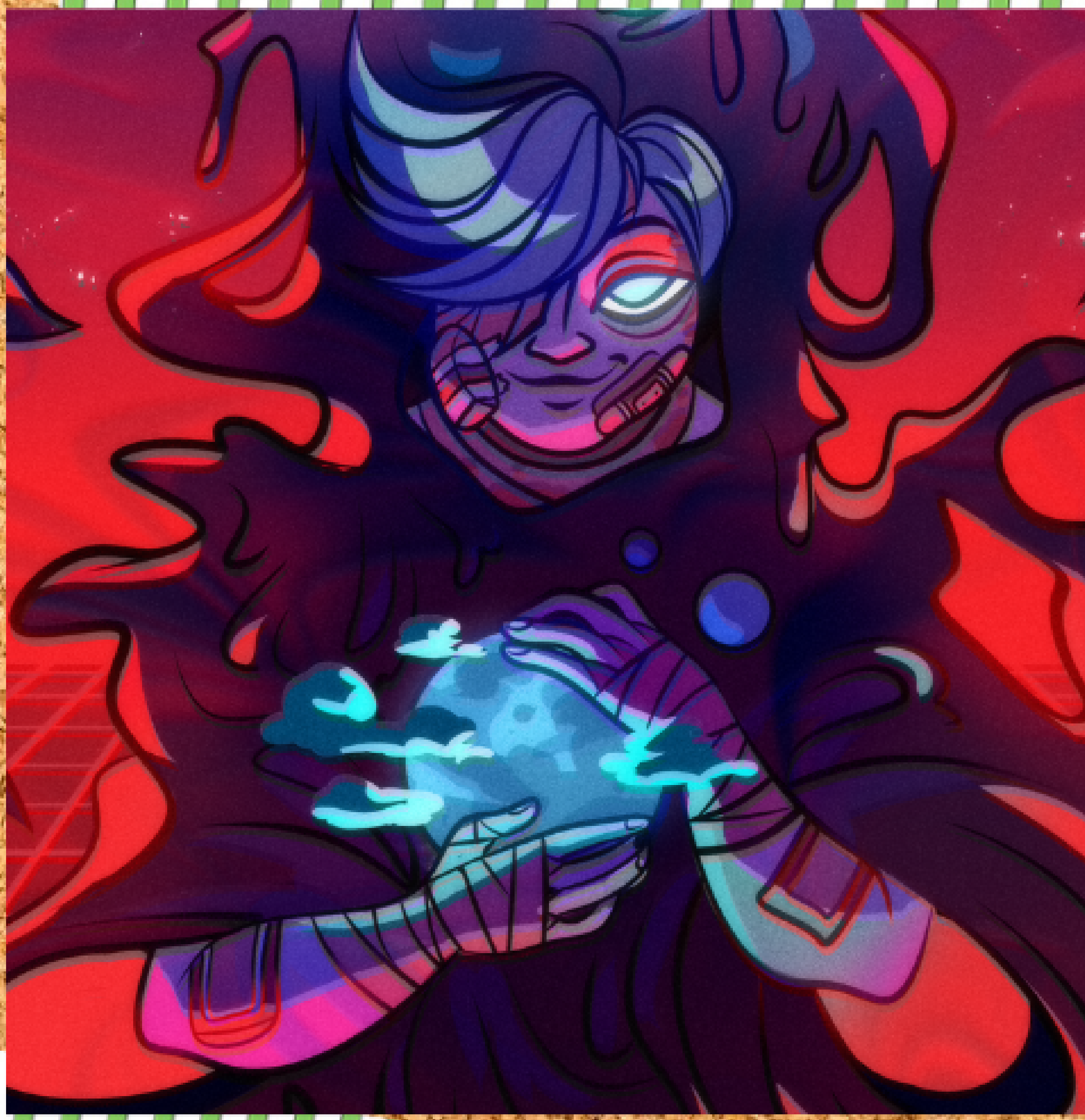


ARTIST

Miss. Monomi's Roster

waveglox

I'm looking forward to participating
in this fanzine because
I think Usami/Monomi is very
underrated in the fandom and
there should be more positive
content focused on her!



ARTIST

Magi

I've been in the fanbase for almost
eight years now (since the airing of
the DR1 anime) and Monomi
remains my favorite of the mascots
by far. Bunnies are the best!
I really want to represent Miss
Monomi the best that I can. :>

WRITER

Sunny

I look forward to working on this fanzine because Usami/Monomi is such a huge comfort for me, as well as an overall favorite of mine. She's a really good character/mascot, in my personal opinion!

WRITER